# THE RED MAN

*An Illustrated Magazine Printed by Indians*

MARCH 1915

## CONTENTS

Press Comments

The Piute Country

Catharine: The Faithful Ojibway

A Fable

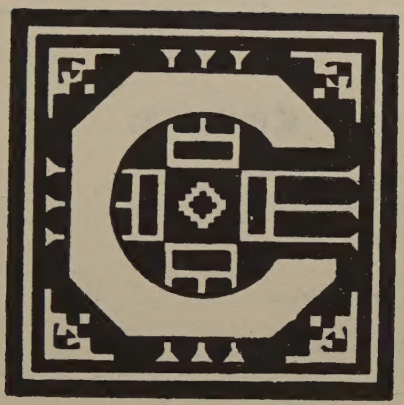
Alumni Department

# Opportunity

(With Apologies to Mr. Ingalls.)

Leader of human destinies am I!
Success, wealth and fame follow in my train.
In town and country alike I wander; I refrain
From no place, high or low, in passing by,
But visit hovel, mart and palace. Oft again
I come and knock unbidden at the gate!
If feasting, idling, or reveling in swinish sleep,
Arise! awake! Shake off the lethargy of thy
stupid state.
For just around the corner with a stuffed
club I wait;
And at thy approach, with direful stroke,
I let fall with one fell blow upon thy slug-
gish "pate."
Those who rise, recovered from the shock,
reach various 'states,
According as they persevere and follow in my
wake.
Those who hearken not nor heed the blow,
Are condemned to failure, penury and woe.
For when hope has flown it is useless to
implore,
Then they seek me in vain, I will return no more.

O. H. LIPPS



A magazine issued in the interest of the Native American

# The Red Man

VOLUME 7 MARCH, 1915 NUMBER 7

## Contents:

PRESS COMMENTS - - - - 223

THE PIUTE COUNTRY—
*By John Riis* - - - - - 228

CATHARINE: THE FAITHFUL OJIBWAY—
*By Charles E. Waterman* - - - 234

A FABLE—
*From the Bennett County Booster* - - 249

POEM—BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME—
*By R. H. Adams* - - - - 252

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT NOTES - - - 255

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EXCHANGING VICES AND COURTESIES

# Press Comments

THE Sioux Indians are today making plans to send a delegation to Washington with a signed protest against allowing the moving pictures of the re-enacted battle of Wounded Knee to be filed in the Government archives as an authentic production. The Indians are enraged at the film people, whom they claim distorted the action of the battle to belittle prowess of the red skins.

Several instances are pointed out wherein the picture is distorted. They claim that General Nelson A. Niles, who took a prominent part in the film, was in reality fifty miles from the scene of the battle and so far as is known was never on the field until he posed for the movies. They also claim that Buffalo Bill, who played the part of the hero in the film, was at the agency eighteen miles away when the real fight occurred. The Indians mournfully assert that only one Indian out of the 400 that engaged in the battle survived. The Sioux have called a grand council of the tribe to protest against the picture going down in history as authentic. They claim they were misled into believing it was only a sham battle and did not know it was to be called Wounded Knee. The formal protest will be carried to Washington by three chiefs.—*Pomona (Cal.) Review.*



FOR the coming fiscal year the Federal Treasury will pay out the same relative amount for maintenance, education, and defense of the Indian wards of the Nation that it is paying now. Since Congress failed to agree on a basis for extension of the Service, the current year's appropriations were renewed just as the session closed.

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To the Commissioner in charge of the Indian Bureau of the Department of the Interior, to the Board of Indian Commissioners, and to the best friends of the Indians this untoward outcome will

bring disappointment, for the necessity and desirability of many new appropriations were admitted quite generally in and out of Congress. Thorough investigation of needs and disinterested advice as to change had brought officials of the Bureau and the Indians' non-official champions to see that certain advanced steps must be taken. Congress, if it could have threshed the matter out under suitable conditions, also probably would have come to this conclusion and would have dealt fairly with the Service.

Education of public opinion between this hour and the assembling of the new Congress can do much to induce favorable legislative action such as the Indian Bureau desires. While there is constant need to guard the legal rights of the Indians against the cupidity of traitors of their race and against the venal whites, the main emphasis of national expenditure henceforth is likely to be put more and more on merging of the race with the currents of the Nation. The segregation policy has not been best for either Indians or whites. Nor is there any evidence to justify return to sectarian education at Government expense.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

PLANS and specifications have been completed for converting the dormitory and laundry formerly used in connection with the Winnebago school into a hospital for Indians and Superintendent S. A. M. Young has been authorized to do the work either in open market or through contract. The expenditure of several thousand dollars will be involved.—*Lincoln (Nebr.) Journal.*

AFTER many years of effort on the part of the National Government to awaken in the minds of our aboriginal inhabitants a desire for such enlightenment as the white races have sought after, there has lately arisen a legislative solon from Texas who would like to turn one of the great Government schools into a West Point for the training of the young Red Man in the ways of the soldier. To the end that the children of the former savages might be induced to forsake the shiftless customs of their ancestors, hundreds of them have been taken, at an impressionable age, from their abodes in the Northwest and elsewhere and at Hampton, Virginia, and Carlisle, Pennyslvania, they have been taught the advantages of peace and

have been made more or less proficient in the arts of husbandry and trade.

The proposition of the astute Texan to take over the entire plant of the school in Carlisle and to make of it a military academy for the youthful Red Men would be one of the most notable examples of a surrender of civilization to war and its train of woes yet presented anywhere. It is fair to suppose, however, that there is remaining in the 63d Congress such a degree of wisdom that the proposal will not have a foot to stand on, for the idea is preposterous to begin with. Oklahoma, with her nearly one-half of all the Indian population in the country, is entitled to her representation at West Point, and she may send Red Men if she wishes and then have a larger representation of officers, in proportion to Indians in the entire country, than the whites. Let the good of teaching them, boys and girls, the ways and practices of peace and progress, rather than those of war and retrogression, continue.—*Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.*

IN THE days before the first white man trod the soil of the continent of North America the Natchez Indians lived in peace and plenty, rulers of the territory now embraced in the Natchez district. The history of this peace-loving, highly civilized tribe of red men furnishes many examples of the nobler side of that race which first held sway over the hills and valleys of our country. Tradition tells us of the many characteristics of the Natchez Indians which places them far above the status of the average North American Indian and lifts them to a level occupied by that of the Incas of Peru.

While very little is known of their manner of living, their forms of government, or their customs, tradition tells of a unique method of taxation enforced upon all alike. It is said that taxes were levied on every person under the sway of the head chief and were in proportion to the ability of each person to pay. These taxes were not paid in money, but could be paid in any commodity the payer had. The revenue thus derived went to the upkeep of the government and to providing for the poor.

In this respect tradition tells of another unique and commendable custom. No one was allowed to beg among the Natchez Indians. There was a mandate that forbade beggery and destitution, and due provision was made for all unfortunates. Punishment was

meted out to all vagabonds and idlers. Tradition also says that robbery and theft were almost unknown throughout the country controlled by the Natchez Indians and that peace and harmony existed between all neighbors.

This may be a mere myth, given out by the Natchez Indians in contrast to the customs which came after the white man made his appearance. Who can tell? But it is certain that the Natchez Indian was a law abiding, peace-loving individual and left behind him many things that would serve as an example to the people who now occupy his territory if the truth was only known.—*Natchez (Miss.) Democrat.*

OUTLINING the government's policy toward its Indian wards, Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane in his annual report says:

"In one thing we are short—the art of inducing ambition. This largely depends upon the genius of the teacher. We need teachers in the Indian Service, men and women with enthusiasm and with sympathy, not learned but wise. We are to control less and help more. Paternalism is to give way to fraternalism. The teachers we need are helpers, farmers, and nurses who may not know how to write ideal reports but do know how to trust and secure trust. There is no way by which an Indian can be made to do anything, but experience justifies the belief that there are many ways by which he can be led.

"To turn the Indians lose from the bonds of governmental control, not in great massss, but individually, basing this action upon his ability to watch his steps and make his way, not in any fool's dream that he will advance without tripping, but in the reasonable hope that he will develop self-confidence as he goes along; to destroy utterly the orphan-asylum idea, giving charity only to the helpless and in gravest emergencies; to teach the Indian that he must work his way; to organize each group of Indians into a community of sanely guided cooperators; who shall be told and taught that this Government is not to continue as an indulgent father, but as a helpful, experienced, and solicitous elder brother—this program we are adventuring upon."

It is well for the Secretary to add that the success of the program depends upon the continuity of purpose within the department and

in Congress. There are many interests which will leave no stone unturned in their efforts to keep Poor Lo in the house of bondage that they may profit by his ignorance and degradation.—*Sunset Magazine.*

W. F. DICKENS, superintendent of the Red Lake Indian agency, and H. C. Moore, one of the farming supervisors at the reservation, are in consultation with the Bemidji Onion Growers' Association in an effort to create a market for produce raised by the Indians at Red Lake.

Each year the red men are increasing their output, but this season they have found it difficult to dispose of their crops. John Lunn, manager of the Onion Growers' Association, has informed the agency representatives that the association will assist the Indians in marketing their produce.

A storage house at Red Lake is suggested as a means of relieving the situation.—*Duluth (Minn.) Tribune.*

THOSE Piute Indians who have been on the war path may have heard of the Mexican situation or even of the little unpleasantness in Europe, and resolved to start a fight while the fighting was good. Poor Lo is not much given to sincere flattery, but he is strong on imitation when it comes to taking scalps or pumping bullets into white skins. He gets jealous, too, when palefaces attempt to corner the war market.—*Jersey City (N. J.) Journal.*

FROM 40 to 10,000 per cent interest on loans to Lo the poor Indian form part of the charges of outrageous wrongs practiced by unscrupulous whites in Oklahoma. This iniquitous practice has been abetted by lawyers and even judges. There is to be an investigation by a joint commission of Congress into this and other charges, including one that the food of the Blackfeet Indians in Montana has been stolen and starvation has been the cause of many deaths. The mistreatment and plunder of our Indian wards have been a national scandal for many years, and to-day the tribes that are the least competent to take care of themselves remain the victims of wrongs that disgrace our civilization.—*Newark (N.J.) Star.*

# The Piute Country:

## *By John Ris:**

THE press dispatches are telling of what is probably the last Indian fight of any consequence in the history of the country. A brief description of the scene and characters engaged in this miniature war, taken from personal acquaintance with both, may be of interest to the reader. Your map will show that the boundaries of Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico join each other in the southeastern corner of Utah, which fact has given to that region the title "Four Corners Country." It is the most alluring and enchanting, the most desolate and barren portion of the United States. It is the last of the old frontier, such a region as Frederick Remington delighted to portray. Progress and civilization have barely scratched its surface. The Utes and Navajos outnumber the white man ten to one. The semi-weekly mail comes into the little town of Bluff, 130 miles from the railroad, by pony carrier, three relays being necessary to make the trip.

San Juan County, the scene of the present fracas, is Utah's larg est county and has the smallest white population. Monticello, county seat, a little Mormon hamlet of about 200 souls, lies at the foot of the east slope of the Blue Mountains. Eastward into Colorado stretch a million or more acres of rich, dry farming land, the winter range of countless sheep. On the west rise the Blue Mountains, silent guardians of the forbidding land beyond, and in summer the pasture of the herds upon which Monticello and Bluff are dependant for existence. West and southwest of the mountains lies an impassable country reaching clear to the Colorado River, mile upon mile of rugged canyons, inaccessible mesas dotted with stunted cedars and pinion pine. Canyons slashed sheer into the earth's crust

*In Winston-Salem (N. C.) Sentinel.

fifteen hundred feet, with never a break in the red and yellow walls, canyons whose serrated sides rise, bench after bench, into a turquoise sky.

To stand on an eminence overlooking this waste patch in nature's garden is for the time being to lose all sense of perspective, it defies all description, it is richer in coloring and in odd rock formations than the Garden of the Gods in Colorado. Caves, arches, spires, and spirals cast weird shadows across the canyons and over it all broods the silence of countless ages. It is the home of the rattlesnake, tha scorpion, and the mountain sheep. To enter it without a competent guide, and they are few, is to court death from thirst and starvation. No streams flow through the canyons. Natural sinks or tanks in the rock collect the snow and rain water, and their location is known to the Indians and a few cow men only.

It is here in White Canyon that the largest and most beautiful natural bridge in the world stands, practically unknown to the traveling public. There are four of them, and beneath the Augusta could be placed the famous natural bridge of Virginia with room to spars. It has a depth of 265 feet, a span of 310 feet, and is 87 feet thick, whereas theVirginia bridge has a depth of 200 feet, arch 60 feet, and thickness of 40 feet.

### *Dotted With Ruined Dwellings.*

THE canyons are dotted with the ruined dwellings of the Cliff Dwellers, who inhabited this region from 900 to 1,300 years ago. These traces of a forgotten race abound in interest to the scientist and the archeologist, and for three successive seasons the University of Utah, in conjunction with the Federal Government, sent an expedition to excavate and explore the ruins, which while it may have thrown but little light on the history of the extinct people has given to the university an invaluable collection of pottery, mummies, implements, and grain jars.

The houses are built of remarkably solid masonry in natural niches of the rock, either level with the floor of the canyon or high above the floor, the latter absolutely inaccessible. What became of this once numerous tribe will forever be a mystery, for there is no Indian legend that will throw light on the subject, and the present day Indian always comes back with "No Savvy" when questioned.

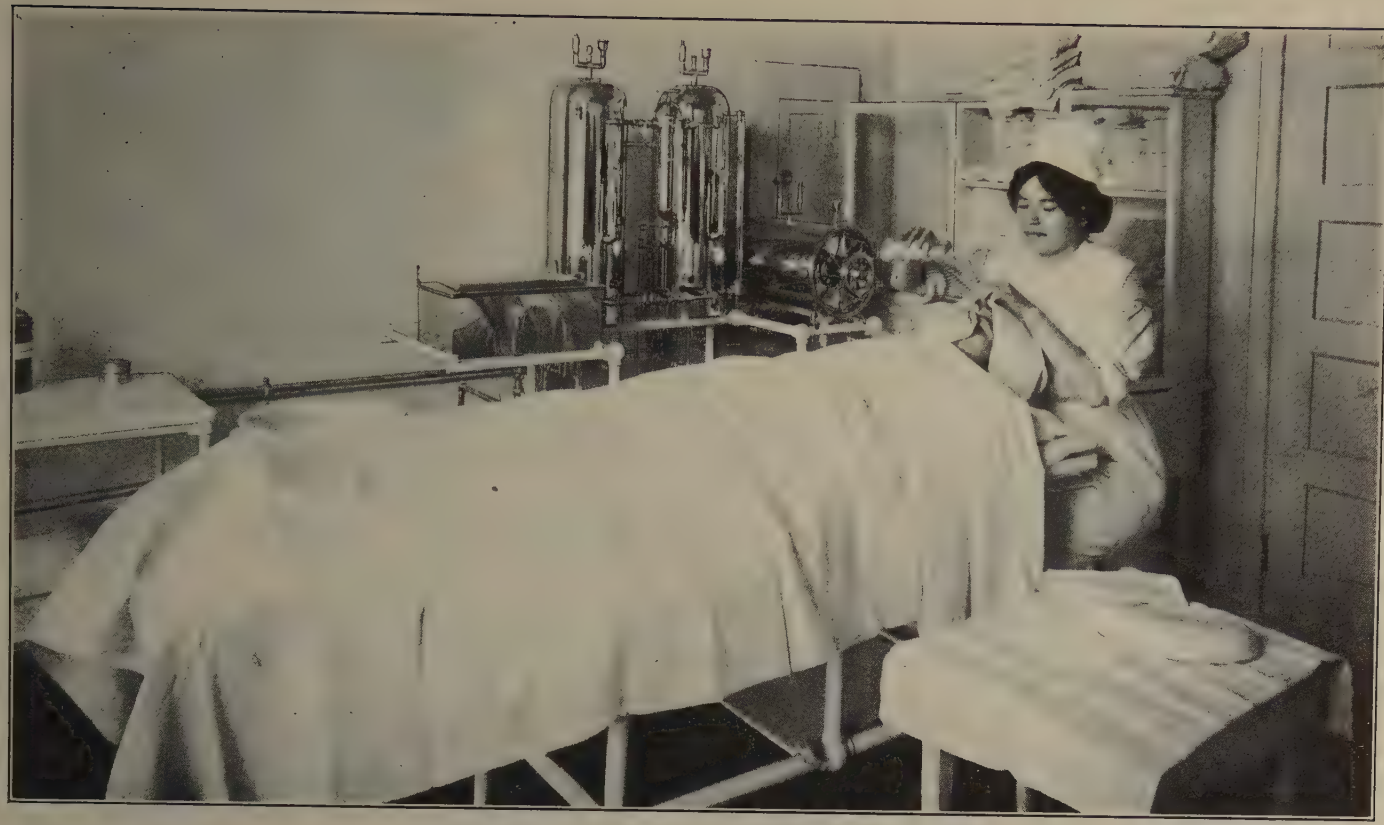
The dwellings are so built as to be secure against wind and rain and snow, and the mummies—frequently found in the interior are in as perfect a state of preservation as any unearthed in ancient Egypt. Jars of corn, wheat, squash, and pumpkin seed found intact prove that these were an agricultural people. Corn cobs and the finger prints of the mason are found in the mortar of the walls. Pieces of basket and woven cloth lie scattered around in abundance. One theory is that the tribe was exterminated by raiding Indians from the north; another, that they succumbed to disease.

### *White Settlers Largely Mormons.*

THE white settlers in this region do not number more than three thousand scattered throughout the little hamlets that border on the cliff dwellers country. They are largely Mormons, and first came into the country in 1855, when Brigham Young sent a band of 41 men down into the southeastern part of the State to establish trading posts with the Indians and find land suitable for cotton growing. Hostile Indians killed three of the party and the Mormons withdrew and made no further attempts until 1882.

Access into this region is difficult even now and settlement was slow. Perhaps no portion of the United States called for more hardy and rugged pioneers and certainly no portion ever attracted so large a number of gun men, outlaws, and their like than did the La Sal and Blue Mountain country. Lying directly on the trail from the Santa Fe Railroad and the famous Hole-in-the-Wall in Wyoming, it soon equaled that region in unsavory reputation and was known as the "Robber's Roost." The McCarty band of train robbers was the most notorious crew that held forth here, but the annals of the territory are rich with the exploits of the west's most famous or infamous "bad men."

It is to the credit of the Mormons that in the midst of this inhospitable region, surrounded by thirty thousand or more hostile Utes and Navajoes who claimed the country as their own, and with a transient horde of pestiferous outlaws who knew no other law than that of the six shooter, that they have built their towns and maintained their churches and schools, in a measure subduing the country. The history of the Mormons in Utah aside from its religious aspect is rich in romance and interest.



OPERATING ROOM—CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL HOSPITAL

THE APPEAL TO THE GREAT SPIRIT
*By Dallin*

The country is a perfect treasure house. There is gold, silver, lead, and low-grade copper without end. For many years the astute Brigham forbade the Mormons turning to mining and made them devote their efforts to agricultural development, and in this he was wise, for even at this late day transportation facilities are such as to make mining without great capital somewhat unprofitable. Then for years, while the Mormon church was at cross purposes with the Federal Government, the Saints did not smile with any great cordiality upon the Gentile who might choose to settle in their midst.

Along the San Juan River above the little town of Bluff are the most extensive undeveloped oil fields in the United States, carrying a better grade of oil than the fields of Pennsylvania. At places natural gas bubbles up through the muddy waters of the river. I have seen a paper cone held over such a spot, a match applied to the hole at the top, and the gas collected under the cone spurt high in flame. From the waters of the San Juan and the Grand River one can pan a fair living in gold dust. One of the most exciting moments of my life was that when I washed the last loose dirt out of the gold pan one morning on Goose Island and saw, glistening in the bottom of the pan, the flecks of gold and the rough garnets that lie in the heavy black sand that clings to the bottom of the pan. It got the "gold fever" right then and have never quite recovered from the attack. When some method is devised that will save this light flour gold, as it is called, for the fine practicles will almost float away, I am going to start at once for the banks of the Grand.

### *Many Crimes Committed.*

IT IS here in this last bit of the old frontier, among the tumbled boulders and the stunted cedars and greasewood, that old Polk and his band of renegades are having it out with the white man and his law. Tse-Me-Gat is wanted for murder, and he must pay the penalty. He is not the only one, for a score of warrants and indictments are waiting for others of the band. For years they have robbed cabins and orchards, driven the cattle far into the hills, cut the ears and tails from the calves; they have committed murder among themselves and the Mexican sheep herders and have known no law.

All these things the settlers have suffered without taking action,

for the danger of reprisals is very real. In the summer season the male population is busy on the cattle range and the women and children are left unguarded in the remote villages. Each arrest in the past has brought on a gathering of the reds and the threat of a general uprising. Posey, a Ute chief, was arrested a few years ago for killing a Mexican on the main street of Monticello. Immediately the Utes gathered on the edge of town, and under the excuse of giving the culprit a bath in the river, he was taken down to the shore by a couple of deputies and allowed to swim across to freecom. In the early days a detachment of cavalry pursued a party of Utes back into the canyons, only to find themselver suddenly trapped in a box canyon and fired upon from the cliffs above. Without water and with no way to get at the Indians who surrounded them on the sides, they fought their way back after losing several men.

Fifteen years ago a general uprising was put down by General Lawton, who was sent in from Denver for the purpose. Old Mancus Jim was at that time one of the chiefs of the war party. In the present trouble, Mancus Jim aided the whites, and according to the papers parleyed with Polk under a flag of truce. He is a famous old chief and his hands are as red, perhaps as any, but the years have taken some of the fire out of his blood.

### *Will Band Be Captured.*

I DO not think that Polk and his band can be captured. They have chosen a time for their melee when the sinks are full of water, and knowing every trail and twist among the rocks it is doubtful if they can be dislodged, for they are in a position to pick off the sheriff's posse one by one as they attempt to follow them through the canyons. This rough region extends into three States, and unless the Utes are surpried, which they are not likely to be, there is but little chance to surround and hem them in. Murderous, lawless, and treacherous they may be, but they are after all merely the products of the white man's civilization and our shameful treatment of the American Indian in the past.

Who can blame the untutored savage when one looks back on our recored of broken treaties, thieving Indian agents, and the doubtful blessings our civilization has given him. We have given him whisky in one hand and the Gospel in the other; herded him on barren reservations, and killed a beef for his use weekly, the

knuckles, head, and tail for the Indian, the steaks and sirloins for the agent whom the Great Father at Washington puts over him.

### *Talked With Leader.*

WITH Posey, Polk, Hatch, and the rest I have talked often, when as forest ranger in that country I frequently stopped for a few moments at their camp in the mountains. "Posey," I said one day, "why you no go reservation and live? Ketchum plenty grass for pony, plenty flour for squaw, plenty beef for buck." Posey cursed loud and long in broken English, for the Indian language is clean and we have been careful to give to him first that which is worst in ours. "Reservation no good; me ketchum six squaw, seven days ketchum much flour (holding his hands in cup shape to indicate the amount of weekly rations allowed his family of seven), white man ketchum beef, Posey ketchum bones."

What could I say? In all our dealings with the Indians we have kept the beef and given him the bones, so to speak. Turning to Hatch, the grizzled old war chief, I tried a new tack. "Hatch, what's the matter, you gottum ranch, Cottonwood canyon; why you no stay there?" Hatch settled the coffee pot, in which one egg was boiling, more firmly on the coals; then he built for me in the sand a miniature of his ranch in the canyon. He showed me how the spring freshets washed away the soil and passed on, leaving him no water for his little garden patch; how he had built him a brush storage dam, which when the settlers lower down the mountain found out they came up and destroyed it so that the water might reach their own farms. "What's the matter, White Father, no fixum Hatch water? Fixum white man water, no fixum Indian water." Hatch had evidently heard of the Reclamation Service and its projects, judging from the latter part of his reply.

### *Killed Mexican—Must Die.*

I HAVE already taken up too much space. Tse Ne Gat killed a Mexican and so he must die, providing he can be caught. Even as I write he and his friends are at bay in the shadow of the cliff-dwellers ruins, the sinuous red figures darting in and out among the cedars or crouched behind the boulders, their Winchesters barking viciously, the cow puncher posse grim and determined to settle for once and all a long-standing score.

# Catharine: The Faithful Ojibway:

## *By Charles E. Waterman.*

*"Should you ask me, whence these stories?*
*Whence these legends and traditions,*
*With the odors of the forest,*
*With the dew and damp of meadows,*
*With the curling smoke of wigwams,*
*With the rushing of great rivers,*
*With their frequent repetitions,*
*And their wild reverberations,*
*As of thunder in the mountains?*
*I should answer, I should tell you,*
*'From the forests and the prairies,*
*From the great lakes of the Northland,*
*From the land of the Ojibways.'"*

*—Song of Hiawatha.*

### *I. Traditions.*

CATHARINE was a child of the forest. She had al the illusiveness of the forest, and, besides, had the added illusiveness of distance. Springing Panther, when his eyes were dim and his step unsteady, told his great-grandson, Stalking Moose, about her. He, in turn, told his great-grandson, John Buck. John, with the lapse of years and the help of the Indian School at Carlisle, had eliminated the blood of Springing Panther from his veins, and the nearest approach to the cervus family of his great-grandfather was the assumed patronymic Buck. This was due to

the influence of the American Government, which had tried to smooth away the "odors of the forest," the love of tribe and their superstitions. In this it has succeeded to a great extent. The names suggested by the warpath and hunting trail are gone; and the desire to be like their white brother has translated the Indian "Mouswah" into plain Buck.

Compared with the nation built up by the conquerors of America, the hunting grounds of the natives were a small domain; beside the combats of the victors the battles of the aborigines were skirmishes; and beside the exploits of modern nimrods, with magazine guns, the chase of those who had preceded them paled into insignificance. So the tales of prowess told around the wigwam fire vanished into nothingness, as the blue smoke that circled above it vanished into air. Nothing was left—nothing but Catharine, and even her Indian name had vanished in her connection with the white man.

She was a class in herself, so time could not efface her. There have been thousands of warriors, there have been thousands of hunters, but there has been but one Catharine, one maiden to stray from her nation, one maiden—and a heathen at that—to obey the Biblical injunction, "love your enemies," and she died in the attempt.

It was a strange thing—so strange the anger it caused died out of the breasts of those who told her story. Springing Panther was her playmate, and might have been her lover had not her passion strayed elsewhere. He remembered her beauty; and, perhaps, in the mellowing light of his Indian summer, it lost none of its mystical charm. She must have had charm, or it could not have compelled the reciprocated passion of a white soldier. "The forest shade said this old admirer, "had paled the copper hue of her skin, till the blush of the rose hid and subdued it."

In the days of Stalking Moose, this rosy flush had mantled a white skin. Her human side had vanished. She was simply angelic. The white man must have been the son of God, else how could he have won the love of an angel.

Thus the story grew until it came to John Buck. Thus the silver haze of tradition enveloped Catharine, until the image created was niched by the "art preservative"—until tradition was swallowed up in history.

This transformation is heartless; but blessed is the subject that has basked in the sunshine of tradition for one hundred and fifty years, for then it is impossible to rob it of all the halo gained in those decades. It is caught, like the fly in the amber, with wings torn in the battle with yeilding yet clinging gum, and preserved to future generations.

## *II. Rangers.*

IN THE year 1760, there was peace in North America for the first time in seventy years, unless the breathing spells between bouts could be called peace. In the veins of the people around the great lakes and their outlet ran hot Gallic blood; but in those farther south was a fiercer fluid—Anglo-Saxon. Between the two was a hedge of forest, and through this each darted when advantage rested on their side, to smite some unprotected settlement. Wolfe and Montcalm played the final game on the Plains of Abraham, and so there was peace. As a result, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi the lilies of France gave place to the red cross of England.

It was true there were places yet to hear of this peace. There were settlers yet to learn they had changed places from conquerors to conquered. It was a delicate or brutal task, according to the man entrusted with it, to tell the truth to these people; and the job of assimilation was a greater one than the taking of Quebec. The task was assigned to Major Robert Rogers.

In September, therefore, of the year 1760, he was dispatched to take possession of Detroit and other western posts. He had commanded a company of rangers in the campaign just ended, which had covered themselves with glory and gained a place of distinction for their commander.

His command numbered two hundred men born and bred on the New England frontier. They were equally at home with the pruning hook or spear, or rather the gun which had taken the place of the spear. They were comfortable either around the big open fire of their cabins or the forest camp-blaze. They were self-supporting wherever they went. At home they subsisted from the crops of the fields they had cleared; in the forest from the animals that roamed therein. In war—well, war, as they waged it, was a good deal like the hunt. It consisted of long marches through the forest to attack some outpost, and the commissary department,

as a general thing, was supplied from day to day by the country traversed. They were eminently fitted for bush-whackers, but were not satisfactory as soldiers to the captains of Europe. They despised drill and were uneasy under discipline. They were destitute of uniforms, except as the natural dress of a backwoodsman was uniform. Each private followed his own inclination as to what he should wear, but the material was always buckskin and the style similar, so there could be seen no real difference on parade.

The officers, for the most part, dressed like their men; but some wore uniforms of blue cloth with scarlet facings. Some of these officers were native born and some Englishmen, who had found their way across the Atlantic in search of adventure. It would be useless to catalogue those who accompanied Rogers. Many of their names have been lost in the flood of years, or found only on old musty rolls. One there was, however, that fame caught with her camera. He was a kind of aid to Rogers, and his name was Gladwyn.

They made the voyage over the inland waters in fifteen whaleboats. The way was new to them and full of the unexpected. The seething rapids of the St. Lawrence furnished excitement and hairbreadth escapes. When they sailed among the Thousand Isles the beauty enchanted them. The weather was rough and boisterous as they skirted the northern shore of Lake Ontario. With the first days of October they reached Niagara and were awed by that stupendous waterfall, as has been every visitor since. Carrying their boats around the cataract they continued the voyage. Through the chilly winds of November, they pursued their way along the southern shore of Lake Erie, and it was not until winter had set in that they reached Detroit.

### *III. The Challenge.*

TO reach Detroit, the rangers were forced to pass through the hunting grounds of the Pottawattomies, the Ojibwas and the Ottawas. Although these tribes had known the French and lived on friendly terms with them, they were jealous of the English. Perhaps it was because of this former friendship that they were so. These tribes had for a long time been united in a loose confederacy, with Pontiac, the Ottawa chief, as overlord. Naturally they did not like this incursion, and resolved to oppose it, so they waited on the invaders.

As it was stormy, Rogers encamped near a river which he called Chogage, to await more suitable weather for traveling. It was here that he received the delegation of chiefs. Pontiac was spokesman, and he haughtily asked what they wanted in this country? Rogers replied that he represented the English who had conquered the French, and all the surrounding land formerly under their dominion had become the spoil of the victors. He added, however, that it was the wish of his royal master to live in peace with his red brothers.

At the close of this speech, the Indians returned to their camp and held a council, while the rangers, suspicious of treachery, prepared for a night attack.

There was no night attack. Instead, the Indians spent the hours of darkness in debating what course to pursue. Passion and shrewd judgment were fighting for mastery in their breasts. Some were for war regardless of consequences. Some were sanguine of success. "The white men were few," they argued, "the red men many." Others recalled that it had not been easy to stay the march of the white man as he encroached more and more on the red man's land. These had been French and friends, objected some. Indeed, they had been allies and together they had fought the proud Englishman. The French, however, had been vanquished by the English, and, therefore, could no longer be allies. What was their status, therefore, toward the encamped strangers? Should they side with the French or English—the conquerors or conquered? Sentiment leaned toward the former, judgment toward the latter.

The average Indian mind was indifferent to consequences. Disaster simply meant to scatter. The individual was the unit. The tribe was not a necessity. His allegiance was voluntary and slight. He fought for it from impulse and abandoned it for the same reason. The workings of his mind were simple. It was the present he was thinking of. He had no future. He was an observer, but deduction was for the present or near future.

At rare intervals there were born individuals of a different mould. They might dream of empire and be called visionary. If one were only strong enought to twist the living strands together? But alas, they generally proved ropes of sand. Pontiac was such a dreamer. If the white man could weld different peoples together and make a nation of them, why not the red man? He would try.

His physical prowess none could deny, and his eloquence had already knit the scattered links of the Algonquins family closer together. How should he treat these strangers? Should he acknowledge them as rightful successors of the French? Should he acknowledge their suzerainty by right of conquest? If an alliance with the French had been an advantage, would not one with the English be a greater one? Dropping his prejudices, it seemed it would to him; and he impressed this idea upon the gathered tribesmen; but is was an all night's job.

As a result, the chiefs returned in the morning and bade the strangers welcome to their territory.

## *IV. The Meeting.*

THE verdict of the council eased restraint on both sides. In the camp of the rangers a strict guard was kept as a matter of precaution; but a limited number of men were allowed outside the lines during the day-time to forage for game. They were used to the ways of Indians and could take care of themselves. Some of the officers strayed outside simply as a relaxation. Most of them were indifferent to the charms of the forest from long association; but there were exceptions. Gladwyn was one of them. He loved solitude and nature. He was romantic in his makeup and could see beauty where prejudice would impair the vision of his companions. He was inclined to trust the word of Pontiac farther than other officers; so he was out in the forest in the full assurance of peace.

There were other dreamers in the Indian camp than Pontiac; but their dreams were of a different kind. Besides the chiefs, there were squaws attendant upon their lords. They were nearer the Pottawattomie village than any other belonging to the confederacy, and in that village lived an Ojibway girl who had followed the party of chiefs. She was a dreamer; but after the way of the daughters, of Eve. Her dreams were not of warriors but lovers. True to feminine instinct, she was dreaming not so much of the men she loved as the one who should love her. She was not unused to white men. There had been coureurs de bois in her village, and some of them had wooed her dusky sisters. It is not known what her natural choice might have been, but this morning, suggested, probably, by proximity and the talk of the chiefs, she was thinking

of the men in the white camp, now announced as allies of her people There were no restraining guards around her camp. She was free to roam wherever she chose, and, following the subject of her dreams. her footsteps took the direction of the camp of the rangers.

When two people travel on the same line from opposite directions they must come together. Gladwyn and the girl did not travel undeviatingly. They side-stepped here and there, each for the purpose of viewing some insect or flower. Gladwyn was humming a tune—a rollicking march tune—that had been coined that very year in "Brighton Camp," and sung by the boys who had come over with Wolfe, when, rain-soaked and tired, they threw up batteries on the Louis shore, and dodged the cannon balls fired at them by Montcalm. It was catchy and the fifes and drums had caught it up as they marched down the Plains of Abraham. He was thinking, as he softly sung:

"When Mars shall have resigned me,
Forevermore I'll gladly stay
With the girl I left behind me,"

whether he should go home at that time, pick out some girl and settle dowh to peace. The dream looked pleasant. Just then, by the brookside he was following, shot up some spikes of red berries from a clump of white alders, and he stopped to pick them. Then he backed them with a few oak leaves in the russet dress of autumn, and heightened the effect by a sprig of evergreen.

He resumed his rambling and his humming, with these gifts of the season in his hand. Soon he spied a ledgy promontory ahead of him by the brookside. He climbed it, the exertion causing the song to cease for a time. He might have resumed it as he reached the summit, had not his ear detected another song. It was not a song, but rather chant, wild, weird, in minor key, but not without melody. He stopped and listened. There could be no song without a singer. This fact took possession of his mind without process of reasoning, also the desire to see her, for the tones were feminine. He stepped to the edge of the ledge and looked down. There stood an Indian girl engaged in the feminine pleasure of dressing her hair. Her mirror was the brook and she was trying the effect of her long braids first in one position and then another. Her form was graceful, covered with a mantle of

buckskin, decorated with feathers and French beads. On her feet were moccasins, the vamps trimmed with porcupine quills. Her hair was black, and beneath it was a face not uncomely. The cheek bones were not prominent, as in most Indians, and her skin was not so dark. Undoubtedly there were variations of Indian physique and color as there were albinos among deer. Was the unusual type due to admixture of French blood? These things passed through Gladwyn's mind as he looked at her. She was not unpleasant to look at, especially when a man was separated from his home and womankind by leagues of forest. He drew nearer the edge of the cliff to get a better view, when the scanty covering of earth made damp and treacherous by autumn rains gave way and down he slid to her very feet.

His unexpected and noisy advent startled the girl; but she was too used to the unexpected in the forest to be frightened. First she seemed inclined to run away, then she remained to look at the stranger. He returned the look, explained and apologized for his sudden intrusion. The words were as Greek to her, as he might have known had he taken time to think. Words are the invention of men and the result of circumstance; but there is a universal language not dependent on the tongue. His words were unintelligible, but his smile and the glance of his eyes were friendly. She smiled back and summoned her choicest Algonquin, with an occasional French word, to answer what she knew he had said. To him as to her, words were superfluous. Eyes, smiles, and gestures supplied all necessary meaning.

A man and maid cannot stand and smile and make eyes at each other forever. After a time the silliness of the situation becomes apparent. Gladwyn might have wished to prolong this pleasant interview; but a parting is necessary in all interviews, and sometimes it is the bitter-sweetness of this that is remembered instead of the interview; so he lifted his cap and presented the white alder berries he carried with the words, "Sweets to the sweet." The Shakespearian quotation was lost on the girl. He was of another race and clime; but do you not suppose the act carried an apt translation?

She accepted his gift, curtsied, turned her back, half reluctantly, and walked haltingly into the forest. After going a few steps, she turned, as if irresistibly drawn to her late companion. He stood

where she had seen him last, and smiled back his admiration; but the awkwardness of the situation forced him to turn. Ere he did so, however, he again lifted his cap and flung a kiss in her direction.

### *V. New Conditions.*

THE English took possession of Detroit, and Gladwyn was made commandant of the fort. It was not a position of ease, for, outside the garrison, there were but few English-speaking people. On either side of the river were rows of log cabins occupied by Frenchmen with their Indian wives. These men had not forgotten the sting of defeat. Thinly could they disguise their sullen restlessness. If opportunity offered they were ready for insurrecton. Close association caused the Indians to share their feelings. It was true, in name, they were allies of the English; but can one love the enemies of one's husband or relatives?

Then, again, the alliance between the English and Indians was different from that which had existed between the French and Indians. With an English enemy south of the line of forest, the Indians had been important; but with a country wholly under one rule he became unnecessary. Thus the alliance was in name only. Outwardly there was peace, inwardly rebellion.

This made the Indian inferior and he felt it. About the only use the Englishmen had for him was to exploit him.

South, west, and north of Detroit stretched unbroken forest, the habitat of fur-bearing animals. The pelts of these were valuable, and were to be had chiefly through Indians. These, by contact with white neighbors, had lost something of their savage independence and learned to crave some of the white men's luxuries; so an exchange was mutual. The fort, therefore, was not only a place of defense, but of barter as well. It was the hub of the Indian universe, and thither they flocked, male and female, for the goods desired.

Under such conditions it was easy for the Ojibway girl to see the man she had met in the forest. It did not need a brilliant mind to observe he was looked up to as one in authority—that he was the big chief of the white men. Would that lessen the regard of any woman, would it not be a secret satisfaction that such a man had smiled on her? When he came near, would it not set her heart a-flutter in fear lest he should not recognize or remember

her? There were long rows of squatty squaws which he passed without notice; would he deign to look at her?

He came nearer, viewing this mass of humanity with indifference. Suddenly his eye lighted! He stopped, smiled, came forward and gave her an English handshake. That changed all her relations to the world. She was the one squaw on whom the great white chief smiled. She was marked because of this favor among her own people. She was marked, because of this favor, by the English soldiers.

She came frequently, not because she had pelts to sell, but to be near this man, who, in her simple heart, was her lover. Her ears were open to catch the strange words around her so she could converse with him.

At first the commandant treated her as he would a wild animal he had caught—tried to grin her confidence and make a pet of her. She was something more, however, because she was human. Her personal appearance reminded him of a white maiden he had known at home. She was a pet, so she must have a name. She was human, so she must have a human name. She was female, so it must be feminine. Before he knew what her tribsmen called her, he named her Catharine, because she reminded him of the far-away white girl.

Gladwyn was human. In those days the phrase, "Single men in barracks don't grow to plaster saints," had not been written; but the character which suggested the lines was on earth. He was no better or worse than the rest of his class; but the thought of the pure white Catharine she reminded him of made his relation with her different than it might have been under other circumstances. Seeing her was a pleasure, and he devised means to make her visits frequent.

Catharine had skill in moccasin making, and he soon learned the fact. He commissioned her to make him some, so she might have an excuse in coming to him. It was curious how many pairs he required. He had long lines of them in his private quarters. Officers and men, when they visited him, came away with a smile lurking in the corners of their mouths. "The major's slippers," they said. "He's got enough for the whole garrison, only they're too good to wear!" It was a fact, Catharine made each succeeding pair of more elaborate design that the preceding ones, till Gladwyn would as soon have thought of wearing the fabled golden slip-

pers supposed to be reserved for all of us in some future abode, as one her hand had wrought. Thus three years past.

### *VI. Unrest.*

DURING this time dissatisfaction among the Indians increased. They missed the importance of their relation with the French. They were neglected, therefore jealous. Furthermore, the newcomers were spreading out over their territory; and even these people, prone to look at the present only, could not fail to see, if the increase continued, there would be no hunting grounds for them. If they could be driven away this danger would be averted; but with an enemy powerful enough to subdue the French, would the Indian stand much chance of success? This thought caused them to consider the matter before undertaking war. They chaffed under the restraint, however. Their dissatisfaction was increased by the French settlers, who intimated that if the Indians went to war they might expect aid from them; but they must muster sufficient numbers to insure success. Pontiac was still the ascendant chief, and he finally became so fascinated with the idea that he traveled, not only among neighboring Algonquin tribes, but to distant nations, inflaming their passions and thereby inducing them to join him.

When this alliance was consummated, the Indians began offensive operations. They cut off supplies intended for the fort, and massacred small detachment of troops, or solitary men who ventured into the forest. These was a vague unrest in the garrison. These acts had been carried on in such a stealthy manner they did not know whether actual war existed or not.

These depredations had not been carried on around Detroit alone. They were general on the whole frontier. It was an unseen foe that surrounded them. As the arrangements of Pontiac neared completion, aggressions became more open. Considerable bodies of warriors were seen now and then, their bodies hideously painted. Danger lurked in the forest, and garrisons were locked within their forts.

Plans for a general attack were at length matured. Bodies of Indians massed around important fortresses were to attack them at an appointed time, so succor could come to none.

Stratagem had always played an important part in Indian warfare. Some way must be devised so victory would be certain. Garrisons

must be surprised. At this particular time such a thing was difficult. A sharp lookout has been maintained for months because surprise was the thing expected.

In distributing places of honor among the chiefs, Pontiac did not overlook himself. He was to hold the center of the stage. He was to take Detroit. How? That was a question with him. He did not intend to invest and lay siege except as a last resort. Such a proceeding would be uncertain. Somehow, he must gain possession in such manner that loss among his followers would be the minimum and success assured. At last he thought it out. He would hold a talk with the white chief to "brighten the chain of friendship."

Each of his chiefs should go to the fort wrapped in his somberest blanket, but underneath it should be concealed a sawed-off gun. The saying, "there is no good Indian but a dead one," is really a paraphrase. Pontiac was the author of the original, and it ran,— "There is no good white man but a dead one." It was a good plot and might have worked had it not been for Catharine.

White people have always put faith in their tongues. It was all right to talk about the might of the sword, or that mightier thing, the pen, but above all they placed value in their persuasive eloquence. Hundreds of men have lost their lives in the three hundred years of Indian warfare in this country by thinking their tongues were mightier than their swords. Detroit might have added an example of this folly but for Catharine. Major Gladwyn had made an appointment to talk with Pontiac and his chiefs.

## *VII. Pair of Moccasins.*

AS might have been expected this war talk was causing anxiety to Catharine. She was an Indian and wished to be loyal to her people—was loyal to them as long as they confined their attention to settlements other than Detroit. She was considered loyal and warriors took no pains to conceal their plans from her. They did not confide them to her, for she was a squaw and belonged to the camp while they were warriors whose place was on the war path. While Pontiac was forming his confederacy and his plans for the annihilation of the white men, she remained indifferent; but when those plans reached perfection and the reduction of Detroit was included in the program, she became interested. Here was her tribe on the one side and her lover on the other. For the garrison

she did not care. They were only white men, and, like the rest of her people, she wished them driven into the "great sea water" and drowned; but the commander was a different proposition. He was her lover. If he had been an Indian she would have gone to the ends of the earth to warn him and it would have been a credit to her in the eyes of her tribe; but to gave succor to a white man was the most dastardly thing an Indian could do. If she was detected it might be the means of her death. Her only chance of life lay in her being a squaw. The braves did not make war on squaws and papooses, but the squaws themselves sometimes visited dire vengeance on their sex.

While these plans were being formed Catharine was busy on a pair of moccasins for Major Gladwyn. They were very ornate. Not only were they decorated with the usual porcupine quills; but when apparently finished, a new line of decoration with beads was begun. While thus at work her ears were open to the plans of the warriors as they came to them through careless talk of young bucks and old squaws. When the diabolical plot of Pontiac was rehearsed, embelished by savage wit, she was startled. Something must be done and at once. Her lover must be warned. Taking the moccasins she started through the forest toward the fort.

When she arrived, the commandant was absent; but she hung around awaiting his return. She was a well-known figure about the fort; but she was so comely many an eye followed her as she walked about.

"Fine squaw!" said the officer of the day.

"Yes," answered the color-sergeant.

"The major's baggage," added the corporal of the guard, "and he's going to have another pair of moccasins!"

All three laughed.

By and by, the commandant returned and Catharine followed him to his quarters. She remained there some time—remained until the candles were lighted, when she came out, crossed the parade ground and disappeared in the forest.

After supper had been served, Major Gladwyn summoned his officers and gave orders that the troops should be put under arms the next morning and be ready for any emergency.

The chiefs came at the appointed time to "brighten the chain of friendship." They were surprised to find the soldiers under arms.

DRESS-FITTING ROOM—DOMESTIC ART DEPARTMENT
*Carlisle Indian School*

CORNER OF SEWING ROOM—DOMESTIC ART DEPARTMENT

*Carlisle Indian School*

The talk began. The Indians claimed to be in a state of amity with their white brothers. In the course of their talk, they chided the great white chief for his distrust. Major Gladwyn stepped across the intervening space separating the white from the red chiefs, and pulling apart the blanket that covered the person of Pontiac, disclosed a sawed-off gun.

"Is farther reason needed for the arms in the hands of our men?" he asked.

"Go your way," he continued, "but you need not come here again to 'brighten the chain of friendship,' for that chain has been broken here and now!"

The Indians departed, chagrined, and wondering how their plans had been divulged. Some thought the great white chief possessed the gift of second sight; but most of then believed there was a traitor among their number.

Who is he? For a time no one could guess; but when the query got among the squaws, they grunted and made sly remarks to the effect that when a young squaw spends most of her time making moccasins for the great white chief, one need not be at a loss to know where he got his information about the plot of the chiefs.

## *VIII. L'Envoy.*

THE chiefs were angry and might have meted out punishment of the most terrible kind had not the young bucks demurred. She was the sweetest wild rose of the united tribes, and, although her affections were bestowed outside of the red nations, they had a tender regard for her, which modified their wilder passions. Then, again, the warriors had other schemes. If they could not take Detroit by one kind of stratagem they might by another; and the punishment of Catharine went by default, so far as they were concerned.

The squaws, however, did not overlook her treachery. They were not handicapped by sex. Their tongues were sharp. When a warrior was fortunate enough to bring in the scalp of an ambushed settler, some female member of his family would secure it and fling it into Catharine's wigwam, with the brutal remark, that if she could not have the heart of her lover, his scalp lock might do.

By and by came the battle of Bloody Run, and the squaws mourned the deaths of half a hundred braves. Catharine had

nothing to do with this, but the thought had their first plot succeeded this battle might have been unnecessary, brought the primal cause back to her; so as the squaws wailed they heaped reproaches on her head. The more they gave way to their feelings, the wilder became their wailing, until something must be done to mark the climax of their grief. They marched about the camp wringing their hands and with ashes in their hair. When they came in contact with Catharine, their wailing changed to imprecation.

By and by there filed past her a possession of bronzed amazons, each armed with a spade. As they passed her, each held out her spade, shrieking:

"The white man's spoon! You shall feast from it!"

The amazons disappeared in the forest. When they returned they marched straight to Catharine's wigwam, saying:

"Want to see white lover, wild rose? Wild rose too sweet for braves to kill! They left you here to insult our sight when we mourn—mourn for our dead! We don't want to see you any more! Your lover wants to see you! Do you want to see him! You shall see him! You shall look at him until your dying day! You shall never take your eyes from him! Come!"

When the war was over, a soldier walking near the fort, came upon a human head resting on a mound of the forest. The body to which the head belonged was buried upright in the ground to the level of the chin. Long black hair strayed over the decomposed features, and sightless eyes stared straight toward the log palisades of the fort. It was the head of the handsomest maiden of the Ojibways, and it was thus she departed—

"To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!"

# A Fable:

## *From the Bennet County (S. Dak.) Booster.*

ONCE upon a time there lived a red man on a beautiful land. There were wonderful mountains, creeks, trees, and rocks on that land. The red man was adapted to the primitive life. Buffalo and deer were made and put on the land as food for the red man. They were told to multiply, and they made deep trails to the mountains and to the creeks. Birds were plumed and placed in the trees. In the spring time they went north to sing for the red man, and in the autumn time they went south to rest.

In the spring time the flowers grew to beautify the land for the delight of the red man. The thunder was a wing flapper, and in the summer time it went across the plains to water the verdures of the land.

The red man was proud always, and walked erect before the face of the blue day. He was not afraid to step on the land, for the rocks were the powers of stay. He had the impression that a Mighty Being controlled the land and for the fear of it he never used profane words.

Somehow he knew he was the king of the land, and so he and his children were happy and contented.

In the course of generations there came a white man from the east and asked the red man to be his friend, but the red man said, "No, no." The white man insisted that they should be friends, but the red man said No, no." The white man was for many days trying to persuade the red man to become his friend, but the red man kept saying, "No, no."

After awhile the red man took pity on the white man and said, "Yes, I will be your friend," and shook hands with him. When they became friends, the white man said to the red man: "My friend, you have many children and they have all the land they need, and that is good. I, too, have many children, but I have no land for

some of them, and that is bad. If you will give me this tract of land my children will come and live here.

"When my children come here they will show your children the wonders of this land, for my children are intelligent and industrious."

The red man said, "My friend, I give you this tract of land. I want your children to come, for I shall be glad to have them here with my children."

The white man said, "My friend, you have made my heart glad, and since this is mine I will name it the land of Bennett, in honor of my first son. We will build a village in the center of this land and call it the village of Martin, in honor of my second son. For it is necessary that we should have some of our children as officers to preserve peace and order.

"We will divide this land in three districts and have one governor from each district. They will be advisors of the officers. The way to have good governors and offices is to let our children elect them by drop-name-in-box method, for this is fair way and will offend no one. Our children will get along very pleasantly together and become a worthy nation."

Then the white man shook hands with his friend and went away rejoicing.

The red man sat down, smoked the pipe of peace, and waited for results.

In a little while there arrived the children of the white man and built homes. They tilled the land and planted seeds. In due time there appeared endless fields of corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, pumpkins, watermelons, and other things good to eat.

The red man opened his eyes wide and exclaimed, "This is grand, for these are the wonders of this land. My friend has not lied to me. Now my heart is good, for my children shall become like these children."

And they began to build the village of Martin.

When to "drop-name-in-"box" day came, everybody was busy dropping his name in the box for some one. The day was over, and when the names were counted the red man was surprised to see some of his children elected governors and officers.

He had great hopes for his children and was happy, but he was not to be happy very long, for to his dismay when the governors

and officers took their official seats, there came a monster and built a sea shell hut at the edge of the village. The red man had heard of monsters before and he dreaded them.

He was told that one monster can swallow a whole nation at one time and would crave for more.

The monster sat in his sea shell hut and sized the people up and said to himself; "If I eat these people up now I would starve to death. I will wait until they have grown in great numbers. In the meanwhile I will eat their money and when that is all gone I will eat their horses and when that is all gone I can eat the people for a long time and when that is all gone I can go to another country."

When the monster demanded food no one paid any attention to him, but when he swallowed the three governors and the officers the people came terrified and some of them fled to the Bad Lands near the North Pole.

The red man got discouraged and lost all hope for his children.

The governors and the officers did not want to die, so they promised to feed the monster whatever he wanted if he would spit them out. Seeing that he had them scared and could control them he spat them out. When the monster demanded food, the governors asked him what he wanted to eat and he said, "Money." So the governors ordered the officers to feed the monster all the money he wanted to eat.

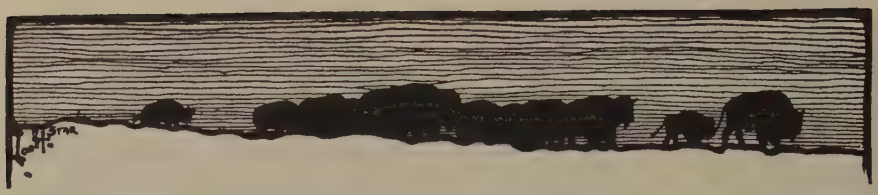
This was the beginning of a sad time for the officers, for from that day on, instead of attending to the welfare of the people, they were kept busy feeding the monster money. The more they fed him the more he wanted, and it kept the governors busy taxing the people for more money and the people got discouraged.

But the monster was not satisfied, and when he swallowed some horses the people became alarmed and looked around for some one to protect them.

The red man got disgusted, sat down, held his face in his hands, and studied as to what he should do that he and his children and the children of the white man might live.

He decided to see his friend, and made a long journey. When he arrived there he told the white man all that had happened in the land of Bennett and asked him for advice.

(*Continued on page 254.*)



# Before the White Man Came

By R. H. ADAMS

MANY suns had kissed the morning, many moons adorned the night,
Come and gone full many winters, and as many summers bright.
The while across the broad prairies, through the forests deep and still
O'er the plains and up the mountains roamed the Red Man at his will.
Warrior, Chieftains, men of fame,
Long before the White man came.

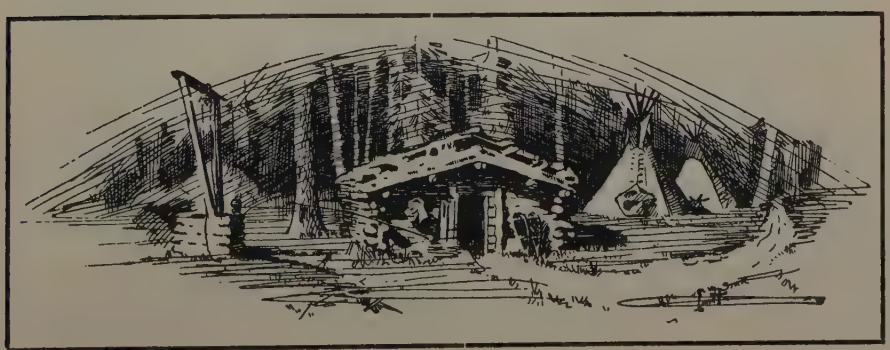
'Neath the pine tree's friendly shadows, on the shore of lake or stream,
Here he pitched his humble wigwam, near the water's crystal gleam;
And swan-like glide across the water, in his light birch-bark canoe.
Catching fish and trapping game,
Long before the White Man came.

Reared he here his sons and daughters, nature's children plain and free,
Temperate, moral, true, and honest, he knew no law but liberty.

Bound by no confederation, scarcely knowing of its worth,
Yet the Indians were the sovereigns of the greatest land on earth.
Possession being their sovereign claim,
Long before the White Man came.

He heard the voice of the "Great Spirit" in the thunder's rumbling sound,
While whispering winds brought him a message from the "Happy Hunting Ground."
By suns and moons and winters counted he the days and months and years,
And in the spirit of the water read he all his hopes and fears.
Read destiny in drops of rain,
Long before the White Man came.

Thus they dwelt for generations in their own dear native land,
From sea to sea an earthly Eden, with fish and game at every hand;
Countless birds sang in the forest, anthems rang from all the trees,
And the wild flowers in profusion scented every wind and breeze.
Paradise, or much the same,
Long before the White Man came.



# A Fable:

*Continued from page 251.*

The white man said,"My friend, send one of your children to the east and let him stay there awhile, for he will learn much and when he returns to you he will tell you a way to get rid of the monster."

When the red man returned he sent one of his sons to the east and waited. When the son returned the red man asked him if he had learned much.

The son said, "No, but I have learned enough to enable me to outwit the monster so he will not bother us any more." Then he said, "The way to get rid of him is to elect new governors and new officers. That will discourage him and he will go away."

So they elected new governors and new officers. The red man was surprised to see his son elected chief and began to have new hopes for his children.

The red man called his children and the children of the white man together and they made a big feast near the seashell hut.

The son sent a spy to ask the monster what he was afraid of. He said, "I am afraid of bells, drums, and horns. The sound of them terrify me and I lose my power."

The spy said, "I, too, am afraid of them."

When the spy made this report, the son told the red man what to do.

The monster was pleased, for he thought that this feast was for him. But when the children began to ring bells, beat the drums, blow the horns, shout, and yell, he got angry and tried to swallow them, but his jaws would not open because he had lost his monstery power.

When the monster realized that he was outwitted he roared, hissed, and spat like a lion, but the red man was not afraid of him because he had great faith in his son.

The son was proclaimed a hero and they feasted and danced for four days. There was a universal rejoicing in the land of Bennett, and when it became known that the monster had retreated to a large cave in the sand hills and was content to eat sand, the red man sat down and smoked the pipe of peace in holy calm.

The red man was an Indian, the monster was a sand turtle, so they said.

—"Translated"

Navaho Hand-Hammered Silver Spoons—Full Tea-Spoon Size

Navaho Bracelets—Hand-Hammered out of Mexican Silver Dollars

RESERVATION INDIANS VISITING THEIR CHILDREN AT THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

Chas. E. Dagenett
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Gustavus Welch
*Vice President*

Mrs. Emily P. Robitaille
*Secretary-Treasurer*

Leander N. Gansworth and Rosa B. LaFlesche
*Alumni Editors*

*Board of Directors*
President
Vice President
Secretary-Treasurer
Charles A. Buck
Mrs. Nellie R. Denny
Hastings Robertson
The Superintendent

## *Notes About Ex-Students.*

Celinda King writes that she is now housekeeping and living on the farm.

Eben Snow writes that he is doing his best to live up to the old Carlisle standard.

Mrs. Eliza Brown, nee Eliza Bell, writes that they are farming near Okmulgee, Okla.

Word from Dennis W. Johnson states that he is farming and truck raising near Lewiston, N. Y.

Emma Sky Jordan, class 1903, is living at Wood, S. Dak., and is busy with household duties.

Mrs. John B. Walker, nee Grace Redeagle, class 1897, lives at Quapaw, Okla., and is housekeeping.

Paul F. Corbett writes from Kamiah, Idaho, that he is ranching and endeavoring always to do his best.

Word comes from Maria A. Santillo that she is now teacher of home economics at Coamo, Porto Rico.

W. B. Charles, of Tomah, Wis., writes: "I am getting along fine; have been here for four years as disciplinarian."

Sherman Kennedy Jimerson writes from Youngstown, Ohio, that he is millwright foreman at the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Foundry in the blast furnace department.

Word from Walter Bullman informs us that he is always pleased to hear from Old Carlisle, the school which he attended in 1879. He also states that he is happy and in good health.

Through Supt. Willis E. Dunn, of the Red Moon Agency, Okla., we learn that Joseph Blackbear, class 1898, died August 20th, 1912, an honored citizen and proud of his school.

Dow Cornsilk, of Robbinsville, N. C., writes that he is engaged as a carpenter and chimney builder at that place and is very grateful for the training he received while at Carlisle.

In a letter to Mr. Lipps, Mr. Chas. M. Buchanan, Superintendent at Tulalip Indian Agency, Wash., says in part: "I must thank you for your kindness in recommending and sending Miss Thomas (Myrtle Thomas, class, 1914).

She is doing very nicely indeed and appears to be a very desirable employee. She is doing much credit both to herself and to Carlisle."

Mrs. Lydia Flint Spencer, of Wyandotte, Okla., class 1892, writes: "I am sending you a bank draft for two dollars, one for my Alumni dues and one for the Alumni Quarterly Magazine."

Bessie Metoxen writes that on October 29, 1914, she married Philip Somers; that they are very happy and getting along nicely. They expect to build their own home in the spring.

Henry F. Markishtum, class 1904, has been transferred from the Badger Creek Day School, Family, Mont., to a newly established day school at Bonner's Ferry, Idaho, as day school teacher.

George K. Pradt, class '03, writes in part: "Enclosed please find a check for $1.00 for my membership dues for this year. My post office address has been changed from Grants, N. Mex., to Guam, N. Mex."

Mrs. Seller, nee Katharyn Dhyakanoff, writes to Mrs. Denny from Unalaska, Alaska, that she has taught in the Alaskan service for six years and that she is happily married and the proud mother of three children, two girls and a boy.

Through a letter from Miss Marie Lewis, class 1909, who was a clerk in the Outing Department here until last October when she resigned, we learn that she is making her home in Sapulpa, Okla., and is still deeply interested in her Alma Mater.

Mr. Joseph W. Sauve, of Steelton, Pa., writes that his present occupation is pipe fitting. He sends his best wishes for the good work of the Alumni Association. Mrs. Sauve, nee Minnie Nick, class '04, also sends greetings, and states that she is occupied in household duties.

Esiah Galashoff, an Alaskan, who was a pupil here from 1902 to 1909, now lives at Kings Cove, Alaska. He works for the Pacific American Fisheries in the summer and traps for fur in the winter. He is happily married and has two little sons and an orphan girl to care for.

Word comes to us from Harry Bonser, class 1914, that he and Cecilia Ducharme are happily married and that at present he is making improvements on his wife's land with a view to making it a paying investment. He has had a good offer to work along the lines of his training here, but preferred to stay on the farm.

Mrs. Bolding, nee Rose McArthur, is located at Gardiner, Oreg. She has been in deep sorrow over the loss of her husband. She says: "My only and dearest possession is that of a darling baby girl, twenty months old." She enjoys The Arrow every week and sends greetings to any friends who may remember her.

# QUIT YOUR MEANNESS

Put the hammer in the locker;
  Hide the sounding-board likewise—
Anyone can be a knocker;
  Anyone can criticize.
Cultivate a manner winning,
  Though it hurts your face to smile
And seems awkward in beginning;
  Be a booster for awhile.

Let the blacksmith do the pounding;
  That's the way he draws his pay.
You don't get a cent for hounding
  Saint and sinner, night and day.
Just for solid safisfaction
  Drop a kind word in the slot,
And I'll warrant you'll get action
  On your effort on the spot.

Kindness everytime beats kickin';
  Mirth is better than a frown;
Do not waste your time in picking
  Flaws with brothers who are down.
And it isn't so distressing
  If you give a little boost
To the man the fates are pressing
  When the chicks come to roost.

Yes, the old world would be brighter
  If you'd kindle friendship's flame,
And thus make the trouble lighter
  Of the man against the game.
Send your grouch on a vacation,
  Give your grumbling tone the shake
And with grim determination
  Throw the hammer in the lake.

EXCHANGE.

THE world owes a man nothing. It has no accounts to settle with any human being, but the individual owes the age in which he lives—owes humanity —something.

FORD TIMES.